Ay, to morrow is a Iuiie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

Rich. The wearie sonne hath made a golden sete,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doest thou know.
Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistane his coulers much,
Which well *I* am assur'd, *I* haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. *If* without perrill it be possible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needefull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength,
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesbie, &c.

King. What is a clocke.
Cat. It is sixe of clocke, full supper time.
King. I will not sup to night, giue me some inke and paper,
What? is my beuer easier then it was?,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cat, It is my Liege, and all thinges are in readines.
King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie centinell.
Norff. *I* goe my Lord.

Sturr

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesby.
Rat. My lord.
King. Send out a *Pursuant* at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blind caue of eternal night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy Ratliffe.
Rat. My lord.
King. Sawst thou the melancholie Lo. Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
Much about cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army cheering vp the soldiors.
King. So I am satisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?
Rat. It is my lord.
King Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit. Ratliffe*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie set on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tel me how fares our louing mother?
Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who praies continuallie for Richmonds good,
So much for that the silent houres steale on,
And flakie darkenesse breakes within the east,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earelie in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie strokes and mortal staring war,
I as I may, that which I would, *I* cannot,

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo